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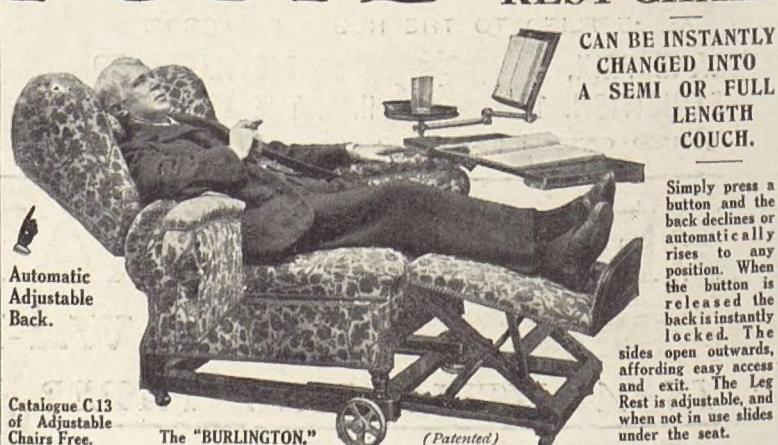
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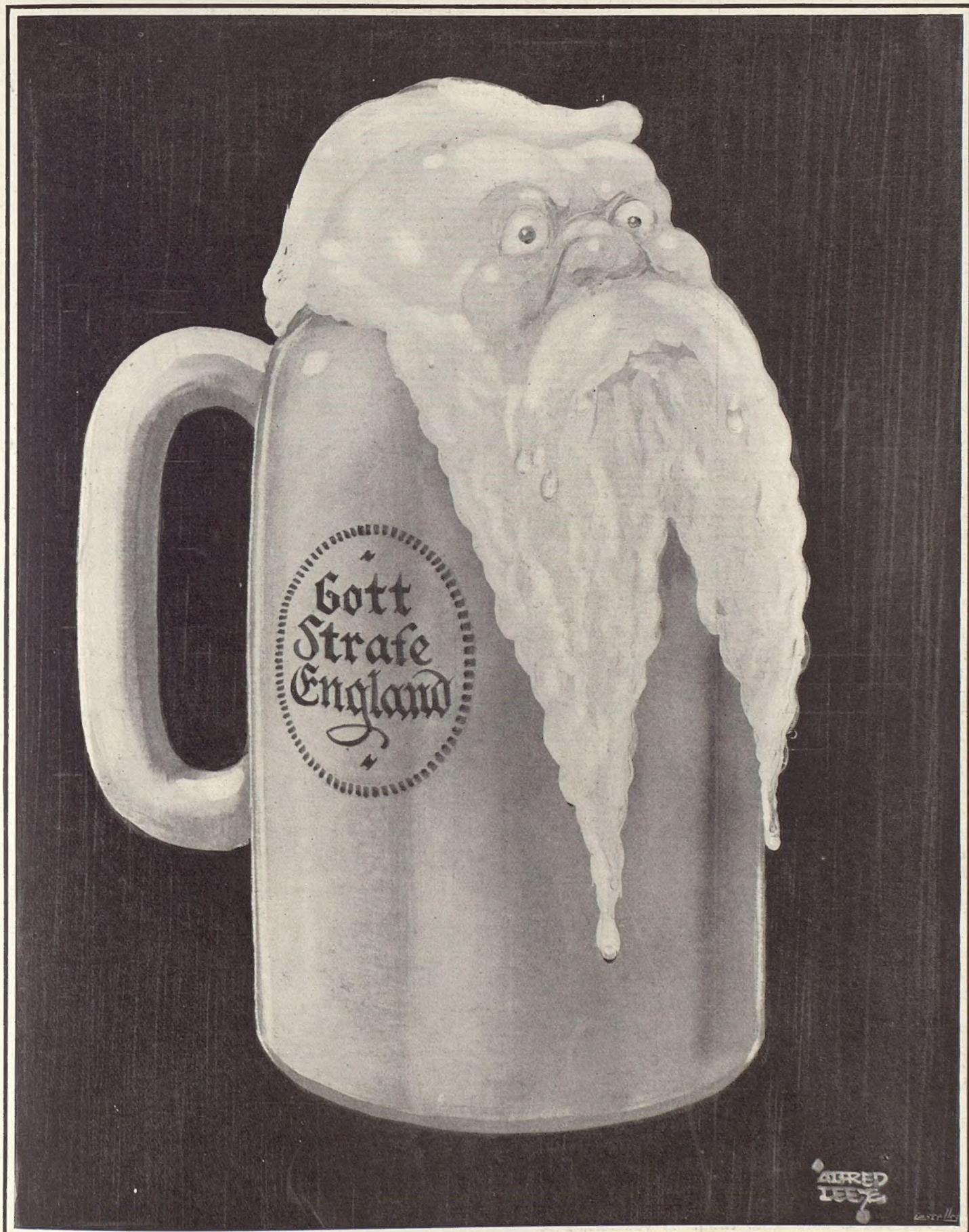
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The Sketch

No. 1181.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1915.

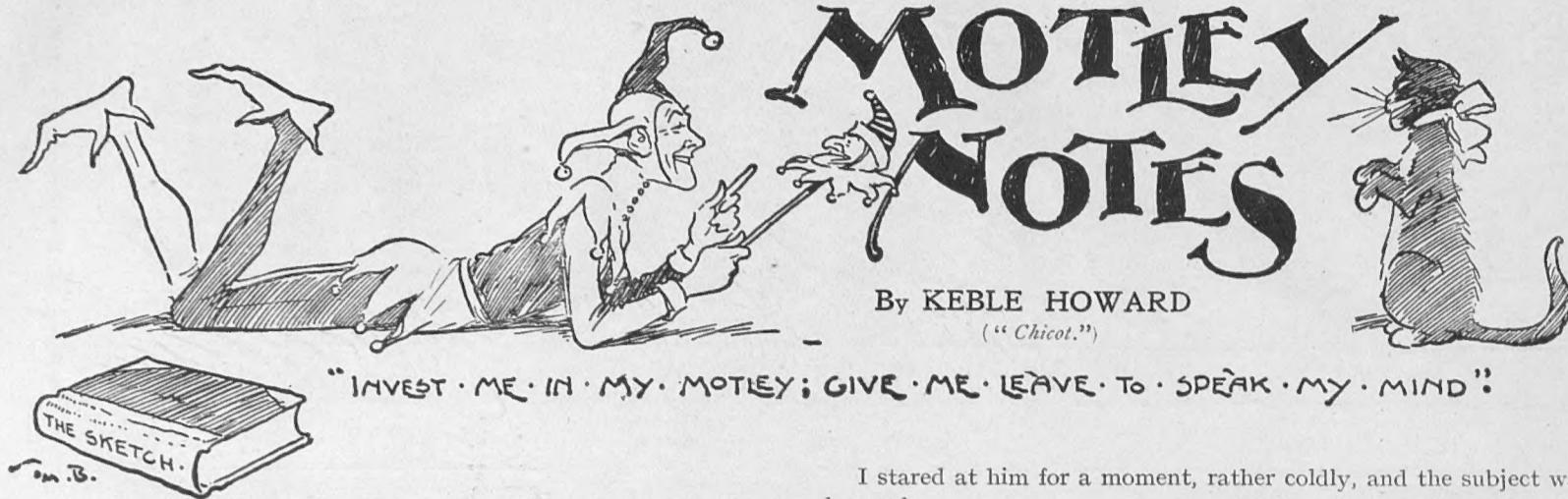
SIXPENCE.



ALFRED
LEETE

FROTH!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



"Wolf's Crag." You remember, of course, that thrilling, awe-inspiring passage in "The Bride of Lammermoor"—

"The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. [Shade of Sir Walter!] On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall; while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a greyish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling it was, perhaps, difficult to conceive. The sombre and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmixed with horror."

A Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.

To this cheerful spot, under-rather than over-drawn by Sir Walter Scott, I was conducted by a member of the Alpine Club for a pleasant Sunday afternoon. He tripped lightly and easily across the narrow causeway, and I followed, not quite so lightly or easily. We expected to have the Rock of Terror to ourselves, but, bless your heart! the Alpine Club can't keep away from such alluring chances of breaking their necks. We found no fewer than three of them in possession.

"A nice day," said I, looking in awe at their boots.

"Very nice," said they.

"You have been here some time?" said I.

"All day," said they.

"Looking at the North Sea?" said I.

"Sometimes," said they.

"And for the rest?" said I.

"We've been down the cliff," said they.

"I beg your pardon?" said I (for the cliff is sheer).

"We've been down the cliff," said they.

"In a basket?" said I.

"Oh, no. On our hands and feet," said they.

"And back?" said I.

"And back," said they.

The Lonely Watcher.

I drew my guide aside. "These men," I said, "should not be permitted to lie in this brazen manner. No living thing could climb down that cliff and back again. Will you kindly tell them, with my compliments, that I don't believe a word of it?"

"My dear fellow," said my guide, "those three are perhaps the most famous trio in the Alpine Club. They've done all the wonderful climbs. This cliff is nothing to them. If you like, I've no doubt they'll take you down."

I stared at him for a moment, rather coldly, and the subject was dropped.

I was wrong, by the way, when I said that the climbers were in possession. On the extreme edge of the precipice, rifle at hand, sat a soldier in Highland uniform, watching the North Sea. Those deluded Germans who still cherish the idea of a raid on these parts should take a look, some day after the war, at that coast-line. Nature's defences are awful enough. When the Scot combines with Nature—!

**"Cheer Up!
Come Again
Soon!"**

I paid a visit, also, to Holy Island. One gets to Holy Island, as you are probably aware, over three miles of sand. You can walk or you can drive. If you walk, and the tide overtakes you, you make for a square box raised on wooden posts, and there you remain, unless you have the luck to be taken off, until the tide recedes.

There are inscriptions, in large white letters, on these pulpits. As you proceed to Holy Island, for example, you read "Welcome!" and "Fear Not!" As you return you read, "Cheer Up!" and "Come Again Soon!" Very nice and friendly, thought I, until the driver of the cart explained that these inscriptions were painted for the benefit of the present King when, as Prince of Wales, he drove across those three miles of sand to visit Holy Island.

Holy Island has several peculiarities. There is a telephone, but no telegraph office. There is a Castle, but no butcher. There are several inns, but no motor-car. It stands in the North Sea, but is regarded by the inhabitants as immune from Zeppelin raids. One hears of the East Coast being deserted this year. That is not my experience. They told me that August on Holy Island had been a record month. As for the little fishing village where I am recruiting, you could not find sleeping-room under cover during August for much fine gold.

So the Reign of Terror pursues its awful course! We may tremble in our beds, but nobody betrays signs of insomnia.

A London Paper.

A breath from the outer world reached me yesterday; somebody sent me a London paper. I looked it through with curiosity, a London paper being a novelty in these parts, where we rely on the splendidly staid *Scotsman* and *Glasgow Herald*.

The feature that amused me most, I think, was a savage attack on Mr. Hilaire Belloc. I had been waiting for that. Mr. Belloc has made himself so great a name since the war began—an allied publication of this very daily paper started the boom by hailing him as a prophet!—that it was bound to happen. It was Mr. Belloc's due. From his point of view, it would have been a shame had he not been attacked. I congratulate Mr. Belloc.

His attacker's main weapon was pity—pity for Mr. Belloc because the Germans had sometimes done things that Mr. Belloc had not foreseen. I find these phrases—

"Poor Mr. Belloc!"

"Poor dear Mr. Belloc!"

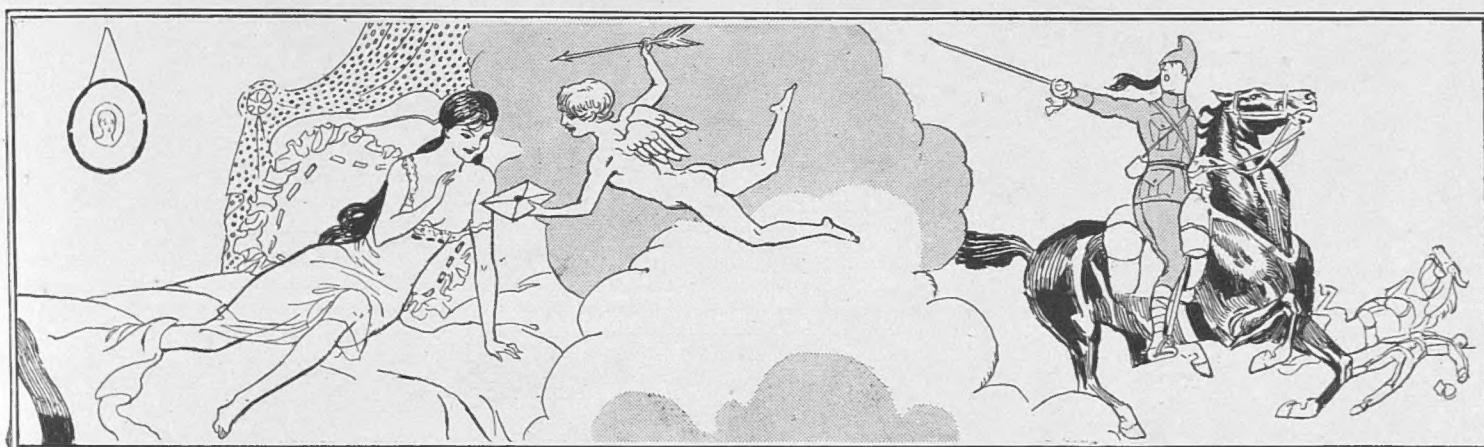
"There, I think, we may leave Mr. Belloc for the present."

Twenty years ago, I used to hear Mr. Belloc as a debater at the Oxford Union. He was very far from being "poor Mr. Belloc." He was all fire, and life, and enthusiasm. I have not seen him since, but I rather fancy that "poor dear Mr. Belloc" can take very good care of himself. And there, I think, we may leave Belloc for the present.

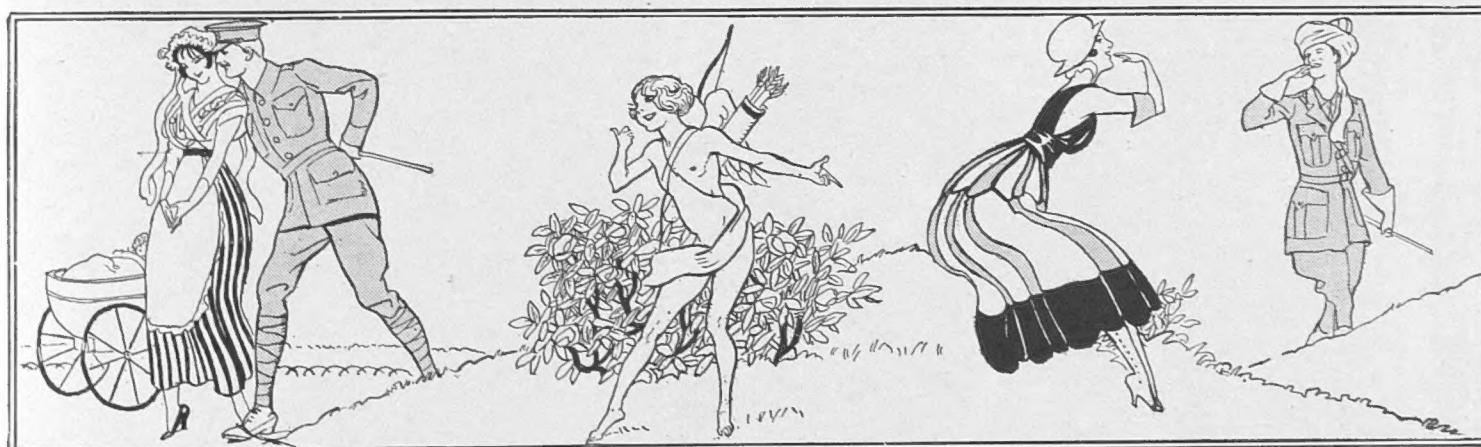
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: LOVE THE HUNTER.



HUNTING IS FORBIDDEN IN FRANCE THIS YEAR; BUT LOVE LAUGHS AT PROHIBITIONS.



HE NEVER MISSES A CHANCE TO LOOSE AN ARROW—EVEN FROM THE WAR-ZONE:

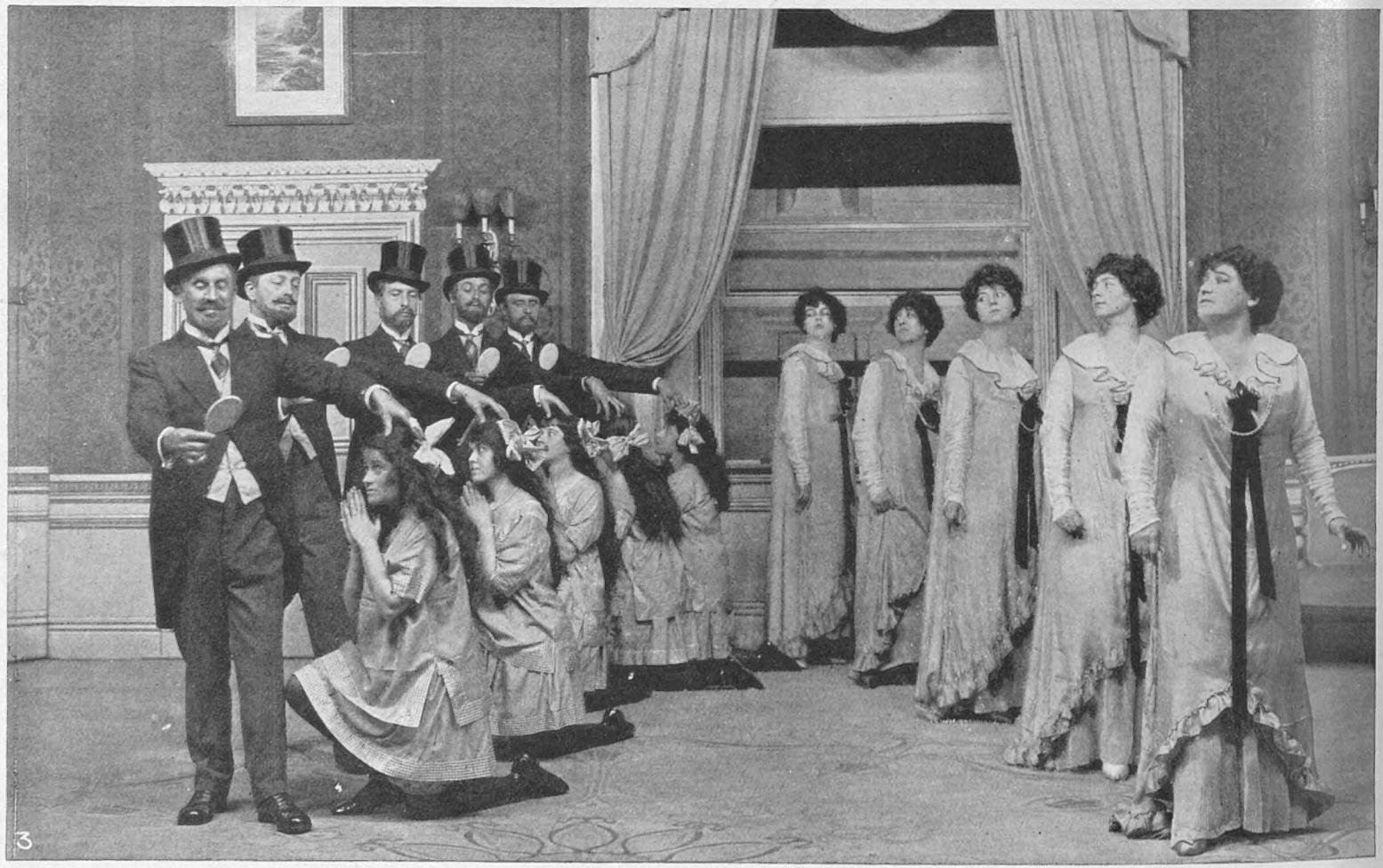


EVEN AGAINST THOSE WHOSE DUTY KEEPS THEM AT A DEPOT:



EVEN AMONG THE WOUNDED RECOVERING IN THE SOUTH!

“SHELL OUT!” NOVELTIES: FLAG-DAY: ROBBERY BY



1. FLAG-DAYS OF LONDON CARICATURED: A PASSER-BY FORCED TO SHELL OUT AT REVOLVER-POINT.

3. WHEN REVUE ARTISTES TURNED DRAMA-PLAYERS: THE LEADING MAN AND THE LEADING LADY EACH AIDED BY A CHORUS, THAT THEY MAY FEEL AT HOME IN THEIR NEW WORK.

There are a number of very ingenious scenes in “Shell Out!” the revue at the Comedy, and not the least amusing of these are the four illustrated. In the first, a passer-by is held up by a flag-day girl and her assistants, and compelled to shell out at revolver-point. In the same street occurs the remarkable happening which is shown in the second photograph: thieves, one of them made up as Charlie Chaplin, hold up and rob a country cousin under the very eye of a policeman and a crowd, who, thanks to the robbers’ trick, believe that the theft is merely part of a play being enacted for the cinematograph. The third photograph shows the scene, “a modern revue drama.” The Husband, the Wife, and the Child are artistes used to being aided by choruses. They are so unhappy without their

CINEMA; CHORUS DRAMA; PATRIOTISM RAMPANT.



2. ROBBERY BY GUILE: PRETENDING TO MAKE A FILM, TO STEAL WITH A POLICEMAN LOOKING ON.

4. PATRIOTISM RAMPANT: A RESTAURANT VISITOR FORCED TO STAND UP WHILE THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS OF ALL THE ALLIES ARE PLAYED.

choruses, indeed, that these are imported into the drama and imitate every movement of the principals in the accepted chorus fashion. The fourth scene is in a restaurant. The orchestra plays the anthems of all the Allies. The first customer is very patriotic; the second customer is not so ardent; with the result that he has a bad time at the hands of the first, who makes him stand afresh when each anthem comes. In the first photograph, Miss Edna Morgan is seen with revolver, as the Flag-Day Girl; in the second, Mr. Tom Shale is seen as the Master Crook, made up as Charlie Chaplin; in the third, the Husband is Mr. George Manton, the Child, Miss Hilda Bayley, the Wife, Miss Amy Augarde; in the fourth, Mr. Tom Shale is the patriotic First Customer, and Mr. Fred Emney, the Waiter.



A PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE : DIPLOMATIC OLIVER TWISTS : PLUCKING THE TURKEY.

Germany's Peace Terms.

Herr Dernburg, the Kaiser's late unofficial mouthpiece in America, has sketched out for the benefit of the public of the United States the terms of peace that Germany hopes she will be able to force upon the Allies. Though Germany's diplomacy is always clumsy, her representatives never make any move without believing that their country will obtain thereby some advantage. So far as the United States is concerned, Germany evidently wishes to appear before the eyes of the American public as being in a position to exact from the Allies terms such as could only be demanded from a hopelessly beaten foe. Had the Russian armies been crushed, had the British line been driven back behind Calais, and had Verdun fallen into German hands, our foe could ask for no more stringent peace terms than those Herr Dernburg has outlined.

The Denseness of Germany. Germany seems to be quite unable to understand the characteristics of other countries.

She must begin, by now, to know that Great Britain does not wince under punishment, but comes up for the next round smiling and more full of fight than ever. She still seems to hope, if not altogether to believe, that the United States is a nation of gulls ready to swallow anything that is told them by Germany's representatives or by Pro-German newspapers. Germany has spent enormous sums in a Press campaign to try and bring the unhyphenated Americans to her side, and the result has been that American sympathy with the Allies is stronger now than it ever was during any previous period of the war. Germany's peace terms have been received as a bad joke by the Americans, and are regarded by them only as an indication of what Germany would ask should she ever be in a position to enforce her terms to the uttermost.

Roumania and Bulgaria.

It is interesting to note the bribe offered to Roumania and Bulgaria in exchange for their benevolent neutrality; but that something is not at present in the possession of Germany to give, and it is never likely to be in her hands. The return to Belgium of her freedom on condition that she cedes to Germany the Belgian Congo is the result, no doubt, of the cry of shame that has gone up from all neutral nations against Germany for her belligerent occupation of the little kingdom. Germany, in her desire to expand, may some day own the Belgian Congo; but, if she does, it will be only by a fair purchase, not as an exchange for stolen goods.

When Peace Comes.

When peace does come there will be no question of any one country laying down its terms. We know that the Allies are going to fight on until Germany is driven back within her borders and hangs out signals of distress. Then, no doubt, the Pope and the President of the American Republic, who are the two most likely people to be mediators, will make

advances to all the combatants, suggesting a broad basis for discussion. Should this basis of discussion be accepted, a conference will meet somewhere—probably at the Hague—the armies of the various Powers will stand fast in whatever positions they occupy, and then will commence a game of bluff played by the representatives of all the warring countries, every delegate asking for far more than his country is likely to get, and accepting far less than the minimum that the Government of his country has described as its last word. The conference that met at Vienna after Napoleon's abdication and his exile to Elba may give us some idea as to what is to be expected when the "Cease Fire" has sounded throughout Europe. It was a conference on the greatest scale, with continual threats of dissolution, and it was still sitting and still arguing when Napoleon made his escape from Elba and commenced his hundred days' reign over France.

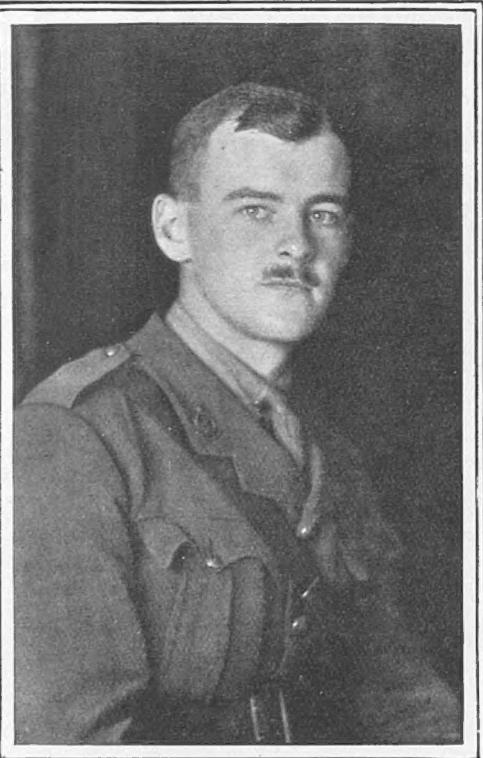
The First Paragraph of the Treaty.

One thing, and one thing alone, can be gathered from Herr Dernburg's comic peace proposals, and that is that Germany, callous as her people are to the public opinion of Europe, is beginning to understand that all the world looks upon her treatment of Belgium as a dastardly crime, and that, whatever the other peace terms are, the restoration of the little kingdom to its independence must be the first paragraph of the Treaty.

THE SAILOR-SON OF A FAMOUS R.A. : LIEUTENANT HUGO CLAUSEN.

Mr. Hugh Clausen, who is a son of the famous artist, Mr. George Clausen, R.A., was in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and was sent to one of his Majesty's ships as electrical engineer, but has now received a commission on one of the new ships.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

Poor Old Turkey. It is curious to note that Germany, in these comic peace terms, has entirely forgotten her poor, decrepit old friend Turkey. Austria is to have a good big share of conquered territory, when it is conquered, and is to be the controlling influence in the Balkan States in place of Russia. Turkey is to have nothing for the fight she has put up, and, though Germany would like to receive back her lost colonies in Africa, not a word is said concerning the return of Egypt to Turkey, which was the bait dangled before the Turks' eyes to lure them into the strife. I have always believed that when peace comes the greater portion of Turkey will be cut up amongst various European Powers; and that the Turk, driven well back into Asia, will have no friend at all to help him bind up his wounds. It would be interesting just now to know what are the ideas of the French, British, Italian, and Russian Cabinets as to peace terms. If we could hear these, and also what the Turkish and the Austrian statesmen say to each other concerning the future, it might be possible, by eliminating all the impossibilities, to obtain some idea of the eventual terms of peace.



THE SOLDIER-SON OF A FAMOUS R.A. : CAPTAIN R. J. CLAUSEN.

Captain "Jo" Clausen, who is a son of the famous artist, Mr. George Clausen, R.A., had just finished his medical course at the outbreak of war, and joined the R.A.M.C. He has been through the whole campaign.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

no question of any one country laying down its terms. We know that the Allies are going to fight on until Germany is driven back within her borders and hangs out signals of distress. Then, no doubt, the Pope and the President of the American Republic, who are the two most likely people to be mediators, will make



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THE OLD LADY TAKES A STILE: MR. FRED EMNEY AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS ADVENTURE.



STILL TAKING A STILE: MR. FRED EMNEY IN THE SECOND STAGE OF HIS ADVENTURE.



THE STILE TAKING THE OLD LADY: MR. EMNEY AT A DRAMATIC MOMENT.

One of the most amusing "stunts" in "Shell Out"—we may be forgiven the word stunt, as the American touch is so frequent a feature of revues—is Mr. Fred Emney as an old lady taking a stile. The lady in question makes fearful and wonderful efforts to negotiate the obstacle, and, it may be added, is very acrobatic for her age!

Many attempts to pass are made and then—the old lady discovers that she merely has to open a gate to pass on the other side! So, at prices from 1s. for Gallery, to 10s. 6d., for Stalls, you can see this stile and rejoice in its negotiation by Mr. Emney in a style without offence.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

SMALL TALK



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT EDGAR CHESTER MASTER : MISS SYLVIA MARGARET BUTLER.

Miss Butler is the younger daughter of the late Samuel Butler and of Mrs. Burges, of Henbury Hill, Gloucestershire. Lieutenant Chester Master is the elder son of the late Algernon Chester Master and Mrs. Chester Master, of Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ROBERT P. KINGSCOTE R.N. : MISS VIOLET GREENWOOD.

Miss Greenwood is the only daughter of Mr. John Anderson Greenwood, of Funtington House, near Chichester.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ARCHIBALD BOYD : MISS MARY LENG.

Miss Leng is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Leng, of Sandgate, Sheffield, and granddaughter of the late Sir W. C. Leng. Lieutenant Boyd is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Boyd, Westward Ho! N. Devon, and is in the York and Lancaster Regiment.

Photograph by P.P.B.

PARTRIDGES have taken Lord Leconfield away from Sussex for one of the brief holidays from military duty which he has for many months allowed himself. Lady Leconfield has gone with him to his Cumberland moors—moors neighbourly to those which the Kaiser has shot over in happier times. Such memories linger in the North Country to give an additional touch of horror to the killing now in vogue. It was when the Kaiser was staying with Lord Lonsdale that a breakfast table incident occurred noted by Miss Vandeleur in a letter to Captain Tudor. The Kaiser came with a tired look to the table and told his host that he suffered from nightmares. "A whole stud of them," said the sporting

"happy" the true meaning may shortly evaporate unless such an example as that of the *Times* is set and is followed.

A New Actor. "We may as well break the genteel silence," writes a San Franciscan, "and call him by his right name—Mr. George Cornwallis-West." The genteel silence, it seems, veiled the identity of a member of Mrs. Pat Campbell's company, playing in California. It will come as no surprise to hear that Mr. West has been prevailed upon to take a part instead of tamely spending his evenings in a box. In England he never did much more than is expected of any Society man who can fill a place in an amateur cast without undue distress to himself or his friends;



TO MARRY SUB-LIEUTENANT D. N. COLSON, D.S.C., R.N.R., OF H.M.S. "CARMANIA" : MISS JOANE HILL.

Miss Hill is the eldest daughter of Captain G. H. Hill late Gloucester Regiment, and Mrs. Hill, of Gibraltar. Sub-Lieutenant Colson is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Colson, The Firs, Congresbury, Somersetshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS VIOLET GREENWOOD: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ROBERT P. KINGSCOTE R.N.

Lieutenant-Commander Robert P. Kingscote, R.N., H.M.S. "Emperor of India," is the youngest son of the late Mr. Anthony Kingscote.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO THE HON. KENNETH MACKAY: MISS JOAN MORIARTY.
Followers of the Ward Union Staghounds and Meath Hounds are much interested in the engagement of one of the keenest members of the Hunt, Miss Joan Moriarty, to the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, 12th Lancers, only son of Lord and Lady Inchcape, Chesterford Park, Great Chesterford, Essex. Miss Moriarty is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Justice Moriarty.—[Photograph by Poole.]

host, in repeating the record of them. The nightmare of the Kaiser is now the nightmare of all Christendom.

A "Glad" Eyesore Gone. I wonder how many people have noticed the change of a little word in an announcement daily appearing in the *Times*. For many weeks that paper has said it will be "glad" to receive particulars from the relatives of officers fallen at the front. A few days ago the word "glad" was expunged and "obliged" put in its place—a nicety of feeling and phrasing which will be most welcomed by those whom it most concerns. "I shall be happy if you can attend her funeral," wrote a Southern county magnate lately to his tenants in a circular announcing the death of his wife. Thus out of "glad" and

but his acting used to suggest a reserve of talent. Now he has drawn upon that reserve, to Mrs. Pat's, and California's, approval.

Another Marriage. Lady Frederick Carrington's marriage to Mr. Treppin conforms to the rule of the day. It is "to take place very shortly and very quietly," which is to say that half her friends and half his will probably hear that it has taken place before they have been able to offer their felicitations. Lady Carrington is the widow (the much younger widow) of that fine old soldier, the late Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, whom she married when, after an adventurous career among Matabeles and Zulus and the Transkei natives, he was in command at Gibraltar.

TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ERIC VENN : MISS SYBIL JOAN HODGSON.

Miss Hodgson is the only daughter of the late Mr. E. D. Hodgson and Mrs. Hodgson, and niece of Annie Viscountess Lifford, of Austin House, Broadway, Worcestershire. Lieutenant Venn is the eldest son of Mr. A. I. Venn and the late Mrs. Venn, and is in the 17th Lancers.

Photograph by Swaine.

“FRENCH” AIDS: MEMBERS OF A V.A.D.—AND NURSES.



1. NURSING WOUNDED SOLDIERS: THE HON. MURIEL FRENCH.

2. NURSING WOUNDED SOLDIERS: THE HON. LILY FRENCH.

The Honourable Misses Lily and Muriel French, who, as members of the V.A.D., have been nursing soldiers in a London hospital, are the eldest and second of the three daughters of the fourth Baron de Freyne and Marie Georgiana, Baroness de Freyne, of

French Park, Co. Roscommon. They are half-sisters of the present (fifth) Baron de Freyne. They have devoted themselves assiduously to their self-imposed service in helping on the good work of tending those who have been wounded in the war.

Photographs by Yevonde.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE marriage of Captain Robert Bentinck and Lady Norah Noel took many members of both families to Oakham last week. Captain Viscount Campden, the bride's brother, was delighted to be able to turn up at his father's place in time for the ceremony; and the bridegroom's brother, Captain Arthur Bentinck,

of the Coldstream Guards (the family regiment), also got leave for the occasion. Lady Bute was also there, to bid god-speed and good sport to the happy couple when they left for the shooting-box she is lending for their honeymoon in Scotland.

Unholy and un-Roman.

Captain is the title that both Captain Robert Bentinck and his brother prefer. They might, according to the Royal permission—granted, by the way, some forty years ago—walk the earth as Count Robert and Count John, but even when

At Dorchester House.

Dorchester House is flying its true colours at last. Hitherto a fleeting glimpse of a

nurse or a bandaged head at a window suggested that its splendid roominess was not being wasted. Now a great board connects it quite definitely with the Public Schools' Section of the Red Cross Hospitals. Colonel Holford, like his brother-in-law, Mr. R. H. Benson, is an old Etonian, and both are "old Boys" in the full practising sense of the term. He has hit on quite the most appropriate use for his establishment.

Which is It? Dorchester House, even before it put up its board, could never have been seriously suspected of indifference to the multitude of claims made upon all London houses of useful size. Word has gone round that one great mansion, and only one, has held aloof from any share in the responsibilities of the time. Some people have quite erroneously pointed a finger at Norfolk House in this connection, despite the Duchess's many enterprises. The Norfolks' house in St. James's Square has a certain look of exclusiveness and reserve which even a daily bazaar would not dissipate; but to judge by exterior appearances is the clumsiest of errors when you are dealing with brick walls and window-blinds. The renegade mansion must be sought elsewhere.

Mrs. Annan Bryce's Convictions. Mrs. Annan Bryce writes from Bryanston Square concerning several instances of the preservation of the cross under shell-fire in France. Mrs. Bryce has long seen something more than coincidence or chance in the failure of the enemy's fire to lay low the crucifix which makes part of the wayside landscape in France, or which forms so important a feature outside her churches and cathedrals. The sister-in-law of Lord Bryce, and herself a brilliantly clever as well as a beautiful woman of the world, Mrs. Bryce is not apt to seize upon a fanatical reading of events in the most material of all spheres of action. Her convictions are surprising, and interesting.

A Choice of And which-ever way Meanings. you have

it, the spiritual lesson can be found. If the crucifix survives the ordeal of fire you can say, with Mrs. Annan Bryce, that the survival has a very real and deep meaning; if the crucifix is shattered, you can do the same. In that remarkable little book, "Aunt Sarah and the War," we read: "I must tell you I came on a sight yesterday that upset me as nothing could ever upset me again—a large crucifix with the figure all mangled by a shell. The arms remained, but the face of the Man of Sorrows was expunged. An epitome of the whole war!"



TO MARRY THE HON. CLIVE BERNARD PEARSON :
THE HON. ALICIA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

The Hon. Alicia Knatchbull-Hugessen is the younger daughter of the first Lord Brabourne, and was born in 1893. Mr. Clive Bernard Pearson is the younger son of Lord and Lady Cowdray, and was born in 1887. He is a Captain in the Sussex Yeomanry

Photograph by Lalite Charlie.

the registrar is round the corner and everybody is in full dress they prefer to waive the privilege. They are the sons of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Bentinck, Count of the Holy Roman Empire. But the title is not quite so innocent as it sounds. The Holy Roman Empire, according to an ancient wit, is neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire. In other words, it is Teutonic. To be a Captain in the British Army, and Lady Norah's husband, are honours sufficient in themselves in the eyes of the latest of the war grooms.



MARRIED ON SEPT. 8 : LADY NORAH BENTINCK
(LADY NORAH NOEL).

Lady Norah Bentinck was, before her marriage, Lady Norah Noel, the elder daughter, by his second marriage, of the Earl of Gainsborough and the Countess, who was a daughter of the late Mr. James Arthur Dease, of Turbotstown, Co. Westmeath. Captain Robert Bentinck is in the Remount Service and is employed in Recruiting Duties.—[Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.]



A NOTABLE BELGIAN IN THE UNITED ARTS RIFLES : M. EMILE CAMMAERTS.

The poems of M. Emile Cammaerts, often so tender, so rich in verbal colour, and, in the "War Poems," so vigorous and inspiring, are familiar to many English readers through the admirable translations by Mme. Cammaerts (Miss Tita Brand, the actress), Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Mr. A. P. Graves, and other English writers, and have won hosts of admirers for the Belgian poet. The news that he has shown his sympathy with this country by enlisting in the United Arts Rifles has caused wide interest.

Photograph by Bassano.

it, the spiritual lesson can be found. If the crucifix survives the ordeal of fire you can say, with Mrs. Annan Bryce, that the survival has a very real and deep meaning; if the crucifix is shattered, you can do the same. In that remarkable little book, "Aunt Sarah and the War," we read: "I must tell you I came on a sight yesterday that upset me as nothing could ever upset me again—a large crucifix with the figure all mangled by a shell. The arms remained, but the face of the Man of Sorrows was expunged. An epitome of the whole war!"

MAKING "BRIC-À-BRAC"—FOR THE NEW PALACE REVUE.



PRACTISING WITH THE AID OF ONE OF THE THEATRE RAILS : PALACE GIRLS.



STUDYING HIS PARTS : MR. NELSON KEYS AT EASE IN THE STALLS DURING A REHEARSAL.



LEADS IN "BRIC-À-BRAC" : MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.



WITH MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND : THE STALLS DURING A REHEARSAL.



MANAGER AND A LEADING LADY : MR. ALFRED BUTT AND MISS GERTIE MILLAR.



MISS GWENDOLEN BROGDEN ; MISS GINA PALERME ; MR. SIMON GERARD ; MISS MILLIE SIM ; AND MISS TEDDIE GERARD.



A BOX OF DAINTIES . PALACE GIRLS IN PRACTICE-DRESS, DURING A REHEARSAL.

By the time these photographs appear "Bric-à-Brac," the new revue at the Palace, will no doubt be in full swing, and well on the road to success traversed by the "Passing Shows."

Photographs Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



REAR-ADMIRAL VAUGHAN-LEE.

REAR-ADMIRAL VAUGHAN-LEE, who is creating a star part at the Admiralty, finds himself in the Air Service by way of the torpedo. From the first, most of the men who have entered for naval aviation have been torpedo experts. To have much to do with the queer fish that carries an explosive charge in its "war-head," and runs ten thousand yards at a speed of over forty knots, prepares a sailor for the still more elastic problems of the queer bird that can take flight from the deck of a battle-ship and come to roost again after outdistancing any and every other creature of the sea and air.

The Commodore. So it was with Commodore Sueter, who, in the recasting of the Royal Naval Air Staff, gains promotion and the title of Superintendent of Air-Craft Construction. Like Vaughan-Lee before him, he specialised as a torpedo lieutenant, and in 1907 published his famous "The Evolution of the Submarine Boat, Mine, and Torpedo." At the beginning of the war Sueter was placed in command. He was more of an age for aerial work, when to have anything to do with the Air Service meant getting into the air, than a flag officer. But in the course of a year the R.N.A.S. has grown up. It is a great department, worthy a staff of full seniority, and the appointment of Rear-Admiral Vaughan-Lee is quite the best that could have been made.

Flighty Youth. The new chief is only a few years older than Sueter, and still on the right side of fifty. But in flying, as in cricket, youth must be served; and the great Sueter himself is something of a "veteran" according to the boyish standards of the new game. Especially at the beginning, when the department was in its infancy, did it seem prone to fall into the hands of the infants. They clamoured for their certificates, or the chance of qualifying, and got them. Years ago, when Naval Air-ship No. 1 was about to be completed, the Admiralty was inundated with volunteers, and, naturally enough, the young men were the most eager for the chance offered

by what was then a purely problematic opening. For an Admiral to be taken up as a passenger in an aeroplane was a rarer event than the flight of a Duchess or a Cabinet Minister, and nobody ever dreamed of connecting a cocked hat with the actual piloting of a 'plane. Since then, as we say, aviation has grown up; the War Office appointed General Sir David Henderson to the command of the Military Air Service, and it is probable that the Admiralty would have made an appointment of corresponding importance some time back if it could have done so without in any way hampering the man who was already at the wheel. Only with rapid expansion has it been found possible to give extra

scope and promotion to Murray Sueter and at the same time hoist an Admiral's flag over the Air Department.

The Great Unknown.

With every new naval appointment, the man in the street finds himself bowing to a stranger. When Carden was appointed to the Dardanelles he was quite new to the public, and no sooner had we learned his name than his place was taken by another of the great unknown—de Robeck. Sir John Jellicoe's name became a household word

in three months, but it might just as well have been Jenkins for all that London knew of him before the war. So, too, with Vaughan-Lee. The Colonel of the same name—a distinguished man in his own service, but certainly not more distinguished than the sailor in the world of torpedoes—has had a place in the reference-books for several years past; but "Who's Who," even up to the issue of 1914, contains no word of the seafaring member of the family. Though we are, or were, a naval rather than a military Power, we lavish our printing-ink for the most part on our Army; and names like those of Roberts, Kitchener, Buller, French, Hamilton, Haig, and several more quite outnumber those of the few sailors who have secured (in one case with the assistance of the House of Commons) a popular fame.

Adaptable. Born in 1867, Rear-

Admiral Vaughan-Lee served as a "middy" in the Egyptian War of 1882. Like Carden and so many sailors of his generation, he first learned the necessity of putting cotton-wool into his ears at the bombardment of Alexandria. Looking back, in the heat of the present day's work, we may regard that bombardment as hardly more than a useful demonstration—like an operation in a hospital theatre, performed as much for the benefit of the onlooking students as for the benefit of the patient. Passing with "five firsts," he devoted himself to torpedoes directly he received his lieutenancy, and went to work with his head as soon as he got the chance. In

Ordnance and Naval Intelligence he is much respected for his ability and thoroughness; but, despite his elaborate learning in the strict science of his profession, he has always kept himself pliant and tolerant towards the new idea. That is why he is able to seize upon the points of the latest flying-machine with the keenness of a youth of twenty, and take to the air as naturally as a fledgling—or a Warneford. Middle age is not always middling; and here is a man of executive as well as theoretical ability. Sir David Henderson, a confirmed soldier, made the change from saddles to flying-machines quite comfortably, and here is a sailor no less adaptable.



THE NEW HEAD OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE: REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES LIONEL VAUGHAN-LEE.

The rapid expansion of the Royal Naval Air Service in respect of both personnel and matériel has brought about a re-organisation of the Admiralty Air Department, and it is to be in future under the direction of a flag officer, with the title of Director of Air Services. Rear-Admiral Charles Lionel Vaughan-Lee has been selected for this appointment. He is well known as an officer of scientific attainments, who, as a Lieutenant, was a torpedo specialist. As a midshipman he saw service during the Egyptian War of 1882, and for the last two years has been in command of the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth.—[Photograph by Russ H.]

THE LAST WORD.



THE PARROT: An' wot's more, you're no gentleman!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



LETTERS FOR LONELY SOLDIERS: LET US, OH, LET US BE FERVENTLY FRIVOLOUS!

By MARTHE TROY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE news? Nothing very exciting; besides, I am sending you an armful of magazines and newspapers. In one there is a scolding from Mme. Sorgue. I hope you have not lost the pocket-knives we gave you in exchange for a farthing to frustrate Fate! Were they not just sweet, those knives comprising corkscrew, comb, compass, pencil, fork, nail-file, bodkin to thread baby-ribbon with, button-hook, book-marker, boot-horn, etc.? I think there was even a knife-blade in it, also—so practical! Still have it, haven't you?

Well, to come back to Mme. Sorgue's sermon, my country-woman is frowning at our frivolity, I mean your frivolity—it is sometimes difficult for me to realise that England is not my mother, but my mother-in-law.

"We have locked up our pianos," she writes, "we have forsaken amusements, and yet you are bright and gay, with your theatres open and full, and your picture-palaces packed every night. It seems unaccountable to me."

"In your West End I see women crowding into the shops spending money on dainty clothes as though there were no war. In your restaurants they sit at night in evening-gowns. How dare they be so callous? Don't you English people realise that you may want that money presently which you are spending so freely now?"

And, *Dieu merci*, we do all that, say I. How would you like it, friends at the front, how would you like it, when you come back on leave, if the key of the piano could not be found again, if there were no accompaniment to your singing "Keep the home fires burning"? How would you like, instead of taking us to the theatres, being wept over at home by dowdy us in last year's darkest dress? What is wrong with low frocks if your neck is right? The weight of the war falls on our shoulders as well, but I don't think that to cover them helps us to bear up better. Do you? How would you like to partake sadly of a cup of cocoa in the flowerless dining-room (war economy!) instead of forgetting the monotony of the military menu at a supper-table *en tête-à-tête*, just you and I—she, I mean, forgetting that abominable booming, bombing, bursting, in the crash of the modern orchestra? You can hardly hear yourselves talk. If Mme. Sorgue were listening, she would only hear you shout, as you shake your head towards the dancing-room where they trot in two between the courses while the band thunders terrifically.

"When they first discovered that particular form of din, it must have given the more nervous waiters a shock. 'There go a dozen dishes and a pyramid of finger-bowls!' must they have said to themselves, looking around for the culprit."

That is all Mme. Sorgue would hear if she happened to be committing that sin of supping at the Savoy (in war time!), and she would say: "How foolishly frivolous! Music, and what sort of music!—and this may be his last leave!" She would not see that you talk with a tenderness that not the greatest musical genius could have evoked in you. She does not see that my—that your *vis-a-vis*' eyes are shining with a sparkle for which the cider-cup cannot be responsible. The sorrowful Mme. Sorgue listens with disdain, not to say disgust, to our—to your discussion on how oysters should be eaten. You are being told that not one person in a thousand in England knows how to enjoy an oyster. "Yes, in the deep shell, of course, no vinegar, no pepper, no salt, no sauce, nothing but, perhaps, one drop of lemon and all the sea-luscious juice. A fork, fie! thumb and index, head thrown back, eyes closed, and then you slowly swallow the oyster. He who invented the oyster-fork should have been drowned. Cooked oysters?—sacrileges!"

Mme. Sorgue would purse up her lips. "Did Achilles, Ajax, or Agamemnon discuss oysters?" Well, Homer omitted to tell us, but did Agamemnon, Ajax, or Achilles fight any better than you do, big, mere man in ugly, black clothes?—homely hero whose humility shuns even the picturesqueness of khaki and the glorious gaiety of those little bits of coloured ribbon worn over your heart.

Mme. Sorgue says she does not understand, and, indeed, she does not understand. She does not hear what you do not say, she does not see what you do not show. She forgets that it is this very spirit of sprightly vitality, that *quand-même* mood, that saved us French, that saw us through the Revolution when we could talk and titter in the tumbrils, through the War of 1870, when the metamorphosis of cat into hare was celebrated in song by the hungry!

"It reminds me of Messina," says Mme. Sorgue. "The earth was shaking under their feet, and yet they went on with their frivolities. They said, 'There will be no catastrophe.' And then the city crumbled and fell upon them in a few minutes. You say, 'There will be no catastrophe' to England. How do you know?"

Well, but seeing that you cannot put out a crater with your tears, and that there are volcanoes you have no intention of running away from, what is there left to be done but dancing on them?

As to spending money in shops, well, I fear finances are not my *forte*; but does not the money spent in England remain in England? If I buy a new hat, one of those dear *haute-forme* ones, with just a buckle and a ribbon, and the cutest brims—the modiste may pay her butcher's bill, and the butcher may buy my books, who knows?



ECONOMIES!

DRAWN BY G. E. PTO.

IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES OF INSECTDOM.



MR. BEETLE: Lizzie, come quick! Here's a Zeppelin!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

The Fall of the Leaf.

of the past a fortnight ago, and in consequence the problem of autumn modes is engrossing the attention of all women who dress.

Fashion, it seems, is in rather a chastened mood after the miracle of last spring, whereby she transformed women from beings resembling animated drain-pipes crowned with mushrooms into creatures of human rotundity adorned with frills and flounces, boasting something approaching a waist and quite presentable understandings.

Broad but Brief. The purists who raved against an unabashed display of ankle will continue to suffer, though probably not in silence, for the short skirt maintains its sway, and endeavours by breadth to atone for brevity. Great popularity is predicted for the variety which derives its fullness from a number of flat pleats fastened to a deep hip yoke.

"A hat of black velvet with a blaze of white kid is about as smart a combination as the soul of woman can desire."

The liberty of the leg is one which no woman means to relinquish without a struggle—no woman, that is to say, except, perhaps, a German woman. Her liberties, poor thing, have never been excessive in any direction. The "All Highest" limited her kingdom to cooking, children, and church! Now a K is threatened—the K that means clothes. If, unmindful of patriotism and the need for thrift, the German frau continues to waste material by wearing wide skirts, German "officialdom" will step in, and, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, these skirts will be shorn. Possibly an "official" pattern will be issued. Lest she should be tempted beyond endurance, the General commanding the Dresden military area recently prohibited a dress exhibition, costumiers with more taste than patriotism having rejected German-made models. So, while the Frauen return to the "tube toddle" the English-woman is to go on her unfettered way, in clothes adjusted to the practical needs of the moment. Touches of braid give a military note; aspiring fur collars allied to long coats suggest Russian influence; by means of careful modelling slight accent is laid on the waist-line, which has so long languished in obscurity; the martial extravagance which marked the spring models has disappeared. Save for these modifications, frocks are "as usual."

The Next-to-Nothing Hat. Not so hats. In that direction at least La Mode has given her Puck-like fancy free license and shows herself in capricious mood. There are next-to-nothing hats, so small as to be almost indistinguishable, were it not for the mammoth bows or "ears" they pluckily support; while, on the other hand, there are large hats with drooping lines which



A janny example of the new Tam-o'-Shanter shaped hat in black velvet with tiny velvet leaves.

The first partridge does not make an autumn, any more than one swallow makes a summer.

Still, the latter season officially became a thing of the past a fortnight ago, and in consequence the problem of autumn modes is engrossing the attention of all women who dress.

completely overshadow the features and tempt the curious to further investigation.

The Lloyd George Hat.

Then there is the Welsh hat—Dolores has sketched it—evolved by fashion as a delicate attention to Mr.

Lloyd George, who has already enriched our language, and is now earning our gratitude as Minister of Munitions. Can anything better symbolise the political transformations of the day? Mr. Lloyd George, the oppressor of servant-girls, the enemy of Duchesses, the inventor of stamp-licking despotism, lives to give his name to a new fashion. The shape of the hat is the one which has been popular in the Principality for generations, and the medium chosen for its expression is velvet, sometimes plain, sometimes gathered, with an upstanding eagle's-feather or a nodding host of "tips" round the base of the crown, or simply a plain buckle in front, by way of ornament.

A Brigandish Effect.

Courteous attention, too, has been paid to our latest ally. To the distinction already gained by the famous Italian Bersaglieri has been added that of starting a fresh fashion in hats. The Bersaglieri hat, in fact, with its panache of coq-feathers, which swoop down on the right side and fall gracefully to the shoulder, represents the last notion in smart "hatting" for women. It has a brigandish effect that captivates. Not so easy of explanation is the presence of the "topper" hat, another new-comer. It is, as its name implies, a copy in miniature of its masculine prototype, with a bias, too, in favour of the shapes popular when blue swallow-tail coats and nankeen trousers were the chosen dress of the fashionable gentleman. Sometimes it is carried out in velvet, sometimes in beaver. A

fascinating example in biscuit-coloured beaver was trimmed with a wreath of flat dull-copper flowers; the sketch represents one decorated with four separate and distinct tufts of goura. But really this hat is best suited to those who can afford an extensive wardrobe. For others there are plenty of models free from undue exaggeration of style. Utility, of course, has to be considered; and Fashion, with one eye on the economists, has evolved quite a number of "notions" which have this aim in view.

The "Feather" category of Leather.

In this category comes the "leather" feather, made, as its name implies, from leather especially prepared and softened. Leather trimmings in general are very much the vogue of the moment. Roses are made of suède and kid, and a whole range of patent-leather blossoms flourish in black comeliness. Though it sounds unpromising, a hat of black velvet with a blaze of white kid is about as smart a combination as the soul of woman can desire.



"Sometimes it is carried out in velvet, sometimes in beaver. The new 'topper' decorated with four separate and distinct tufts of feathers."



One of the new "Lloyd George" hats in rucked velvet with a large rosette in front.



"The Bersaglieri hat, with its panache of coq-feathers . . . has a brigandish effect that captivates."



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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE TARNHAM CASE.

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN.

ARTON was standing at the window, staring moodily down at the crowded street below, when Mercer entered—a stout man, with a friendly smile and polished manners, the last on earth one would connect with Scotland Yard. His eye took in, with a single, casual glance, the scarcely touched breakfast, the untidy room, and Arton's white and drawn face.

"I've come on a queer business," he said; "and, between ourselves, I don't remember one I've liked less. But first I'd like to ask you a question or two. May I?"

Arton nodded, and pushed forward a box of cigarettes. Mercer chose one deliberately, and as deliberately lit it.

"You spent part of yesterday afternoon at No. 17, Belvedere Gardens, I believe?"

Arton flushed. "What of it?"

"You had," pursued Mercer evenly, "an interview with Sir Eustace Tarnham that lasted approximately three-quarters of an hour: you left in a storm of wind and rain at half-past four. For a time you hung about outside; you were still there when presently Sir Eustace came out, entered his electric brougham, and ordered the chauffeur to drive to 'The Pomegranates,' where Kinvella, the expert on Japanese antiquities, lives. He reached Kinvella's in ten minutes, and stayed another twenty, and the interval was long enough for you to follow him there. As Sir Eustace came out again you stepped forward, apparently with the intention of speaking. He waved you away and re-entered the brougham. You followed the vehicle for some distance on foot. At which point," concluded Mercer, closing his note-book, "I stop. My facts were supplied me by Swayne, the butler at 'The Pomegranates,' and by the housemaid at Belvedere Gardens."

"What of it?" said Arton, with a touch of truculence.

"Merely that I've been commissioned to make certain inquiries, and that it's essential that I should hear from yourself exactly what happened during your interview with Sir Eustace."

"You're serious?"

"I was never more serious in my life. We've known one another too long to play the fool at the wrong time, Jimmy. You're not obliged to tell me, but for your own sake—"

Arton flung the stump of his cigarette into the fireplace and sat down.

"It's all damned silly and commonplace. I first met the Tarnhams in Rome. Alicia Tarnham and I were a good deal together, and presently we discovered that we wanted one another's society for the rest of our lives. It was arranged that I should tackle Tarnham *père* when I got back to London, and yesterday I tried my luck. Alicia was out, her father, with his usual directness, having packed her off to some concert or other. The interview wasn't one to flatter my self-esteem. Sir Eustace has no scruples about calling a spade a spade, and it appeared that he'd been making inquiries. I was told a few home-truths concerning my abilities, prospects, and effrontery in expecting to marry a girl who was heiress to about a quarter of a million. Also, of course, he wanted to know why I wasn't in Flanders. I explained that they wouldn't have me, on account of a weak knee-cap, and he declined to believe me. At that I lost my temper badly, and was shown the door. Later, realising that I'd behaved like a fool, I followed him to Kinvella's to apologise. He wouldn't listen to me, and since he stepped into the brougham outside 'The Pomegranates' I've seen nothing of the man."

"Nor, for that matter, has anyone else," said Mercer.

"Do you mean—?"

"Listen. O'Ryan, the chauffeur, drove, as he'd been directed, to Gage Street. He was to pull up at No. 4. At the far end of Kinvella's road, however, the car was held up—the thoroughfare is being re-tarred, and the traffic's badly congested. While he was waiting, O'Ryan became aware that someone was trying to attract his attention. It was Kinvella. Sir Eustace had left behind him a carved snuff-box of great value, and the old chap had dashed after him with it, knowing the car was pretty certain to be pulled up. When he reached the window, however, he gave a shout of astonishment. The brougham was empty. On the seats lay Sir Eustace's hat, coat, waterproof, boots, spats, spectacles, and gold watch and chain. But of the man himself there wasn't a trace, and there wasn't a soul in the street who had seen him."

"And Miss Tarnham—Alicia?"

"She came back just as O'Ryan reached the house with the news. The place was in a turmoil for a time, but eventually it occurred to someone to communicate with the police-station, and they, in turn, telephoned to the Yard. I was asked to make a preliminary investigation. When Miss Tarnham mentioned your name, and found I knew you, she was doubly anxious for the affair to be cleared up."

"But she doesn't—she can't suspect—"

"You ought to know her too well to ask that. But the fact remains that you had a violent quarrel with the man—a quarrel during which he swore you should never marry his daughter during his lifetime—that you followed him to Kinvella's, and that he was never seen again."

Arton stared at the other gloomily.

"What do you want me to do? What *can* I do?"

"Lend me a hand—unofficially, of course. Help me to explain how a stoutly built, short-sighted gentleman of fifty-three, of regular habits, could vanish, half-dressed, in a crowded thoroughfare in broad daylight."

A queer, tense moment followed. Then Arton spoke.

"All right," he said jerkily. "Where do we begin? I suppose you've been through Tarnham's papers?"

"I've glanced at his more recent correspondence. It's all very normal and ordinary. No doubt he had his enemies—a prosperous newspaper proprietor is bound to have, and Tarnham rarely went out of his way to propitiate people—but there's nothing one can follow up."

"What about the place in Gage Street?"

"No. 4 is a block of buildings occupied by a wholesale furrier, with the exception of the ground floor, which is a gramophone shop. No one there had ever heard of Tarnham."

"Could Kinvella throw any light on the affair?"

"Very little. The poor beggar was fearfully cut up about it. He and Tarnham have been friends for years. He told me that Tarnham has seemed unusually irritable and nervous lately, like a man half-expecting some form of disaster."

"That's suggestive, at any rate. What's the next step?"

"I suggest a stroll in the direction of Gage Street."

"You've been there already."

"Nothing like making oneself familiar with the scene of the crime—if it was a crime. Put on your hat."

A moment later the two emerged on the pavement below. A passing motor-bus carried them as far as "The Pomegranates," whence they continued the journey on foot. Arton remained gloomily silent. He had slept badly on the previous night, and his nerves were raw. Mercer seemed equally disinclined for conversation. The two men had been at Cambridge together, but in each case the Fates had unexpectedly thrust upon them the urgency of earning an income, and they had drifted into the professions which irked them least. Arton was making a couple of hundred a year as a journalist; Mercer, lucky in his handling of one or two intricate cases, had established a position at Scotland Yard which gave him considerable freedom and no little influence.

As they approached the end of the street the air became heavy with the reek of tar, and the traffic narrowed to a congested stream. A newsboy came towards them shouting. Mercer stopped to buy a paper.

"Any news?" asked Arton.

"Some. By the way, Jimmy—this is a thing I should have asked you before—what did you do with yourself between the time when you left Sir Eustace and when you went back to your rooms?"

Arton passed his hand over his forehead.

"Do with myself? I suppose I walked on for fifty yards or so, and then turned back and wandered about until something to six. I was too worried and enraged to pay much attention to the direction, but I remember finding myself opposite a big linen-draper's, and afterwards crossing the road and being nearly run over by a mineral-water van. Beyond that, I've no clear conception of where I went or what I did. Why?"

"Nothing, except that a definite alibi is a useful thing in an emergency." Mercer smiled, but his eyes were troubled.

"Alibi?" echoed Arton.

Mercer nodded, and passed him the paper.

[Continued overleaf.]

SHOCKING!



THE FIRST CLUB KNUT: I s'pose you're feeling the business depression over this War?
THE SECOND: Simply horrible, old chap. Why, we're still using last year's car.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

In the stop-press column was a brief paragraph. "The body of Sir Eustace Tarnham," it ran, "who has been missing since Tuesday, was discovered this morning lying, partially clothed, under a fir-tree on the borders of Oxenham Wood. The body has been removed to the local mortuary, and an inquest will be held in due course."

The paper slid from Arton's shaking hand. He stared at Mercer with haggard eyes.

The inquest was over. What evidence the police could accumulate had been given. The post-mortem had revealed no trace of poison, nor of violence, nor of disease. The verdict had been an open one—the complexities and contradictions of the case made no other possible.

Arton had spent the most supremely wretched hour of his life. His evidence had sounded, even to himself, halting, inconclusive, almost incriminating. And it had needed all his strength to hold him to his vow of not seeing the girl again until the mystery was solved. Now he and Mercer were back at the flat, and Mercer was running through the notes in the slim note-book which Arton had already learned to hate.

"To talk of Tarnham having died of natural causes or by suicide," Mercer insisted, "is sheer nonsense, unless you're willing to believe that he was in possession of some secret method of doing away with himself, and that he resorted to it after covering twenty miles, half-clothed, without attracting attention. That brings us back to the theory of murder, without leaving us with a soul we can reasonably suspect."

"Except myself," said Arton very bitterly. "I suppose you've gone through the recent numbers of the *Heilo* and the *Evening Times*?"

"Of course."

"And the *Collector's Record*?"

"Never heard of it."

"It was a new hobby of the old man's—the sort of magazine that never pays, and isn't expected to pay. Half-a-crown a number, illustrated in colour."

Mercer yawned, and closed his note-book. "It might be interesting to see a copy."

"You'd get human nature from a different aspect. And it was something human that killed Tarnham." Arton turned, as he spoke, to a pile of magazines on the book-case near. "Here's a specimen that someone sent me this morning. The contents are rather appalling—'Antique Horse-Shoes,' 'On the Credulity of Certain Collectors,' 'Philately in Its Relation to the State.'"

Mercer left his chair and drifted over to the window.

"All right if you care for that sort of thing. But in a case of this sort—"

Arton, who had been reading, looked up with a start. "Quite so. By the way, old Kinvelia was extremely civil to me this morning, and asked me to inspect his collection. Care to come?"

"When?"

"Now."

"If you like," said Mercer, without enthusiasm.

A taxi took them to the door. Kinvelia was at home, and would see them. They found him in the long gallery which, lit by a skylight and guarded by double doors, ran the entire length of the house. He shook hands cordially.

"We've called," said Arton, "with a double purpose—to examine your collection, in which my friend is as interested as myself, and to let you know that we have discovered the identity of Tarnham's murderer."

Kinvelia glanced at him with his shrewd old eyes.

"I am enormously relieved, both for my own sake and—if I may say so—for yours. But are you certain?"

"Quite," said Arton; and Mercer, who had been standing beside him in stupefied silence, nodded mechanically. "The facts will be public property by to-morrow."

"Prior to the trial? My dear young man—"

"I doubt if there will be a trial."

"But in any case— Well, well, the topic is scarcely a pleasant one, and our time is limited. Personally, I had come to the conclusion that the crime would be added to the list of unsolved mysteries which the Metropolis provides so frequently. I suppose I must await further details—"

"I can at least tell you this," said Arton. "The murderer crossed a strip of newly tarred roadway in heelless slippers that left faint but absolutely unmistakable imprints direct to his own door."

"Really?" said Kinvelia. His manner changed. It was obvious that the topic had not only ceased to interest, but that it had become distasteful. "But let me show you some extraordinarily interesting manuscripts which I have to-day added to my collection." He unlocked a sandalwood box as he spoke and handed Arton a foolscap envelope. "In the meantime, will you excuse me. I have a telephone message of some importance to send."

He left them with a bow and a smile. After a pause, Arton opened the envelope. It contained several sheets of paper, fastened together, and covered with cramped but singularly clear writing. Arton turned to Mercer. "Before we read this," he said, in a level voice, "I want to justify what must have appeared the sheerest lunacy by saying that it was merely a very long shot that happened to reach the target."

"I see," said Mercer. He had listened to Arton's conversation with Kinvelia with the detachment of a spectator following a dialogue to which he has no clue.

Arton, leaning against the wall, unfolded the paper. The rays of the afternoon sun, streaming through the glass roof, flooded the place with warm light.

"*An Explanation of the Circumstances leading to the Death of Sir Eustace Tarnham, Baronet,*" ran the heading. The manuscript continued—

"On the fifteenth of May last I wrote to Tarnham, whom I had known for five years, telling him of an extraordinarily fine print I had bought. He called, saw it, and coveted it greatly. He made an offer of two hundred pounds, which offer he subsequently increased to seven times that amount. The thing was unique, and I told him I would not part with it at any price. Sir Eustace was a man of violent temper, and it maddened him to be thwarted. He learnt of a trifling mistake I had made in classification—the exact detail is immaterial—and he took his revenge by publishing, in a new magazine he had started, a venomous attack on my work. He followed it up by threatening to publish every month an article of the same type, until my reputation as a connoisseur was hopelessly ruined. The attacks would only cease when I consented to sell him the print he coveted.

"Those who are not collectors may find it difficult to understand my feelings. I wrote, asking for time to consider my decision. Long before he called, however, it was made. Swayne, the butler, who knew him, showed him into the gallery. I came silently from the library, caught Tarnham from behind in a secret grip I had learned during my residence in Japan, and saw him drop dead, without a groan, at my feet.

"I had that morning received a specimen of Cloisonné ware nearly six feet high, and the case in which it had arrived was still in the gallery. I stripped the body of its outer clothing and laid it in the case, which I re-corded. I then slipped Tarnham's clothing over my own, turned up the collar of the waterproof—the wind and driving rain gave me every excuse—said 'Good afternoon' in a clear voice, and walked straight from the gallery, the doors of which are self-closing, across the hall and out through the front door. To Tarnham's chauffeur I gave the first and briefest directions that came into my mind. I had only one moment of real anxiety. It was when a young man, whom I have since learned was a Mr. James Arton, stepped forward, apparently to ask some favour. I waved him away, stepped into the brougham, and, drawing down the blinds, divested myself of the garments I had just put on. When, a little later, the vehicle slowed down, as I knew it must, I opened the door on the further side, and in an instant had regained the kerb and was shouting for the chauffeur to stop. Subsequent events developed exactly as I had foreseen. I returned to my house with only one problem to face—the disposal of Tarnham's body. That, however, presented few difficulties. I fastened the lid of the big case again, and rang for Swayne.

"I am taking the Cloisonné vase for Lord Carnacre to inspect," I told him. "Help me with it to the car." Swayne had seen the case arrive. He knew Carnacre was, like myself, an ardent collector, and ardent collectors are capable of any eccentricity. He did not know, as I did, that Carnacre had left that morning for the Continent. He helped me to carry the case into the hall, and telephoned to the garage for the car.

"I shall drive down myself," I told him, and dismissed the chauffeur. I drove at a high speed to Carnacre's place near Cheshington, was duly informed that his Lordship had left, and, making a wide curve, made my way to Oxenham Woods. The place was, as I had anticipated, deserted. I unfastened the case, dragged out the body, and laid it beneath a fir-tree well hidden from the road. I then drove back to 'The Pomegranates.'

"His Lordship is away," I said casually, when Swayne came to the door.

"Sorry you had your journey for nothing, Sir," said Swayne, and would have helped me to carry the case into the gallery again if I had not forestalled him.

"There, so far as I am concerned, the matter ends. Having rid the world of an unscrupulous scoundrel, I have set down this statement, in order that it may be placed in proper hands when there is no longer any object in concealing the facts."

The sudden click of the door at the far end of the gallery made the two men start.

Swayne, the butler, entered.

"Why—why the devil didn't you knock?" stammered Mercer.

"I did, Sir—twice. You did not appear to hear. Mr. Kinvelia informed me some moments ago that he wished to speak to you. You will find him in the library."

The two men followed him across the hall, Arton still gripping the pages of foolscap. Kinvelia, his back towards them, was seated at a portfolio, his right hand holding a Japanese print of extraordinary beauty. Mercer, who was in advance, touched him lightly on the shoulder.

The print slipped from the white fingers, the body fell helplessly forward. A bottle, half-full of some strange, pungent liquid, rolled to the floor, staining the rug at the dead man's feet.



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WOMAN'S WAYS

The Revival of Reading.

For some years past the custom of reading books—even new books—had fallen, among us, into complete desuetude. The poets, particularly, were no longer listened to, and a new Milton would most certainly have sold his masterpiece, just like his immortal fore-runner, for a five-pound note. He would have found few readers. Even the novelist—unless a popular favourite, or skilled in the art of pulling people by the ear and compelling them to listen—was hard put to it to provide himself and his family with the modest amount of luxury which we all think our due. Nobody "had time," they declared, "to read." It was so easy to be pulled into the foolish clatter and turmoil of modern society, so that, not so long ago, life was made up of week-ends with a great deal of useless activity between. Many middle-aged and elderly people found our gay younger generation a trifle rapid and not a little self-centred, and strangely addicted to discussing the insides of motor-cars and the outsides of aeroplanes. So enamoured of speed were they that they seldom indulged in an arm-chair and a book. Undoubtedly the war has made a change in this attitude towards literature. That complete Man of Action, the modern soldier, is always enamoured of reading; we cannot send enough printed matter to Thomas in the Trenches, and even Generals have been known to purloin each other's light literature. This autumn and winter, when "amusement" will be nil, and our thoughts in France or Gallipoli, there will certainly be a revival of the reading of new books—and even old.

The Greek Temple and the English Garden. The fashion of the moment is decidedly in favour of the tiny Greek temple. And as English people can perform miracles with gardens, they have acclimatised it, made the exotic building "fit in," and even use it, profanely, as a place to drink tea and munch cucumber sandwiches. They are springing up, like white mushrooms, on Sussex downs, on the banks of the Thames, and even in Scotland. Here, in Aberdeenshire, with a background of purple hills, and skies so clear and blue as to suggest the Ægean, an imitation temple, modified by Renaissance, fits suavely into the landscape. The "rustic," which came in just before the French Revolution, and was then, with sentiment and white muslin, in high favour, is now "off." The classic, or Italian classic, is our only joy, and a stone god Pan is to be seen at the end of many an honest English grove. With gardens, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

The Unfortunate Americans. Right-thinking Americans, in this war, are having a hard time. They fear their great country, for months, has somewhat lost prestige all over the world, in consequence of choosing theory, instead of action, in critical moments. Individually, un-hyphenated Americans have played the *beau rôle*. They have given lavishly of time, money, work, and food; and no other people could have helped the Belgian population from starvation as they have done. Mr. Gerard, in Berlin, has been of priceless help in looking after our prisoners in Germany, and yet—! A certain privately printed poem, which is circulating from hand to hand in London, defines, in witty and ironic verse, exactly what some think about the United States after the tragedy of the *Lusitania*.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"Dardanelles Driveller" Jokes.

The spirit of the Navy and the Army is splendid. So are their spirits. Proof is not wanted; but, if anyone should desire it, here is the *Dardanelles Driveller*, from a press of "Anzac" or somewhere in its neighbourhood. "The Turks are reported," it records, "to have found the French troops a d'Amade nut to crack!" The enemy are (censored) hard nuts, too; but what does that matter? "Are we down-hearted? No!" Not when, within sound of the guns, we can pen: "BIRTHS. Jones.—On 10th May, at Gladstone Villa, Acacia Road, Clapham, the wife of John Jones, of twin sons." "DEATHS. Jones.—On 10th May, at Gladstone Villa, Acacia Road, Clapham, suddenly, John Jones."

Two More.

And there are others. Here is one that is contemptuous: "The howitzers on Achi Baba are becoming dangerous. Yesterday they fired 126 rounds and killed two empty biscuit-boxes."

Another is significant: "To Let.—Several excellent houses in Sudd-el-Bahr; specially recommended for those undergoing open-air treatment."

And Another. Then Five.

is an advertisement. The rigours of our space will not let us "display" it as in the original. "ANZAC. THE GREAT STICKFAST. Liman von Sanders writes:—'The bottle you kindly sent me supplies all my needs. I do not want any more. I find a little goes a long way.' NO ARMY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT. Try it to-day." To this add another "Ad.": "HOLIDAY REMOVALS carefully executed by Camp Commandant and Co. Any quantity catered for. DON'T STINT YOURSELVES. No extra charge up to any amount. Weight no object. Special arrangements for guides and detectives. Work for all inhabitants. Come as often as possible. We pack and unpack simultaneously. No changes of mind, locality, and kits are neglected!' The Greek Governor of Tenedos signals: 'Now I have seen your arrangements, I know Constantinople must fall.' Plus this: "Our esteemed contemporary the *Peninsula Press* informs us that 'the Russians were knocking at the door of the Bosphorus, while a detachment of the Russian fleet was cruising in the neighbourhood of Windau.' We presume that the Germans shut the



BRITISH ASSOCIATION HERALDRY AT MANCHESTER: THE PRESIDENT'S BANNER,
DESIGNED BY HIMSELF, SHOWING SCIENCE LAMENTING THE WAR.

Some discussion was caused by the fact that this year's President of the British Association, Professor Arthur Schuster, is of German birth, but he belongs to a well-known family whose undoubted loyalty to the land of their adoption is proved by the fact that several of its members are fighting, and some have fallen, in the King's service. On the very morning of the day when he delivered his Presidential Address at Manchester last week, Professor Schuster received news that his son had been badly wounded at the Dardanelles. Professor Schuster's banner represents Science lamenting the devastation of war, while holding aloft the healing rod and serpent of Aesculapius.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Windau as soon as the Russians began knocking at the door." And under "Literary Supplement" comes (the "language" is not ours, and may be translated freely)—

"Y" BEACH.

"Y" Beach, the Scottish Borderer cried
While panting up the steep hillside,
"Y" Beach!

To call this thing a beach is stiff;
It's nothing but a b...* cliff.
Why "beach"?

As finale: "Ampitheatre Royal, 'Y' Beach. Twice Daily. A Screaming Farce entitled 'ANNIE FROM ASIA.'" That is the unquenchable spirit which wins fights. It is a mystery to the enemy—but, then, he has no sense of humour!

* Let us hope the writer means "beetling"!

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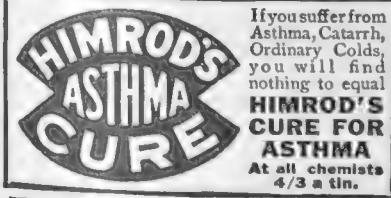
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Russia for Ever. Our admiration for our great Northern Ally is more than we can express. At the same time we do what we can: I understand that the study of the Russian language is seriously undertaken in the modern side of many of our great schools. Certain it is that Russian fashions will obtain during the late autumn and winter, and in that way feminine admiration for our sturdy and glorious Ally will be testified. These fashions are practical, too, and very becoming. Full-skirted, fur-hemmed pelisses, brimless, high-crowned hats, blouses of thick fabric trimmed with fur, and a rentrée of astrakhan as the fur of the day, are all symptoms of the fever of anxiety to honour the honourable Russians!

On the Links. I have seen a fair number of ladies on the links in their holidays recruiting vitality for the winter's work for the country and its inevitable trials and anxieties. There is little change in their dress from recent years. The Duchess of Sutherland with a dark-blue coat and skirt had a remarkably assertive turquoise-blue golfing umbrella, visible at very long distances. With a bold disregard of wind or weather on a beautiful skin, her Grace wore a silken golf cap. The Duchess of Portland played her game arrayed in golden-brown homespun skirt, and a sports coat to match, with a burnt-straw, wide-brimmed hat, tied down under her chin. The Marchioness of Titchfield wore a skirt of Gordon tartan, that being her clan, and a coat of the green in the tartan, and a neat little hat to match. These are a few examples of dress on the links this war year. They serve for practically all.

Freak Fashions. Since my return to my usual haunts in the West End of London, I have seen some of what their wearers supposed to be the very newest fashions. They make of inoffensive neutrals gaudy white and showy black, by the very manner of it. Short and full black taffeta skirts, black-and-white diced stockings, a short, very closely fitting black taffeta coat with a dead white collar and vest, and a black satin hat, shaped exactly like those worn by Greek priests, can be a sufficiently remarkable costume to cause people to turn round and stare, in Bond Street. It sounds quite quiet, but it so altered the contour of the figure, from that to which we had grown accustomed; it was so flippant in expression and so flapper-like in character, that to see it worn by a lady in the forties made us think of the roaring reputation of that number instead of its mid-age dignity.

A Possible King. The Archduke Karl Stephan of Austria is the nominee of his Empire for the Crown of Poland, if and when that country is organised under the Dual Empire. He is fifty-four and the High Admiral of the Austrian Fleet. His wife, the Archduchess Thérèse, is of the non-reigning branch of the Hapsburgs; her father was the late Archduke Charles Salvator, and her mother, a Bourbon-Sicily Princess. A younger brother of hers, the Archduke Francis Salvator, is the husband of the aged Emperor's younger and favourite daughter. Much of his time, before the peace of the world was broken, was spent with his grand-children, the nine boys and girls of this pair. The aspirant to the Polish Throne has three daughters (the two elder married), and three sons, who are serving in the Austrian Army or Navy.

An Old King and a New.

Do many people remember the late King Oscar of Sweden? A magnificent figure of a man, as I see him in memory's eye, wearing naval uniform and many decorations, dark eyes in a fine but rather rugged face, iron-grey hair almost white at the temples of his splendidly carried head. He looked a King among men, and yet he was proud of his Gascon peasant blood. The present King is small and thin, and looks more a scholar than a soldier. He had a German mother and has a German wife, and seeks to keep his relationship with the Hohenzollerns before the eyes of the world.

For one person the pro-German attitude of the Swedish Royal family is very awkward, and that is the Crown Princess, our own British Princess Margaret of Connaught. She is, however, for her children's sake, a quiet follower of events.

Not With Us. Well, they must be against us. What I am thinking of is German-parented people who have lived in our country places for many long years, grown up with our own young people, been accepted by them as friends and neighbours—people we have learned to esteem and would like implicitly to trust. Are they trustable? Yes, undoubtedly, if they whole-heartedly serve this country; no, if they do not. It is quite simple. There is no need to show open distrust of them, but let the free-hearted, friendly reliance on their honour we had of old remain in abeyance. Most of such families, where the sons are not in the service or making munitions, are sitting on the fence, and will get down comfortably on the side of the winners. If Germany wins, they will, undoubtedly, have all along been the best of good Germans, longing, but unable, to escape to Fatherland and Kultur!

A NEW NOVEL.

"The Faun and the Philosopher."

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.
Hutchinson.

A hazy male being with longish ears who is in love, and for that reason living near the beloved in a caravan while writing intermittent verse which is printed verbatim, a rather stagy old professor with a charming daughter as housekeeper, and a mutual friend, dry of wit, detached and journalistic of sense, are the stuff that the Faun and Philosopher are made of. The result is a series of mild essays divided between prose and verse, the latter less admirable than the former, which may be dropped and resumed at will without suffering from want of continuity. It is impossible quite to believe in any of the personages, to be very glad or very sorry about anything that happens to them. Even the old professor, walking himself by a neat calculation to death, in order that he might no longer interfere with his girl's future, fails to cut through the envelope of ingenious make-believe. A vivid impression of Mr. Hutchinson making it all up with a clever fountain-pen is dominant. Remain, some pleasant musings on life generally, the musings of an intelligent and sensitive mind; these even tinted with make-believe, for though



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memory-sketches of long ago, before last August twelvemonth, they are coloured up to date. The hypercritical may conceivably be disposed to cavil mildly at this topical colouring, but with everything not being merely coloured by, but positively tasting, as it were, of the war, it would be difficult indeed to keep quite away from the "only" topic of the day, which has even found its way into Mr. Hutchinson's agreeable book.

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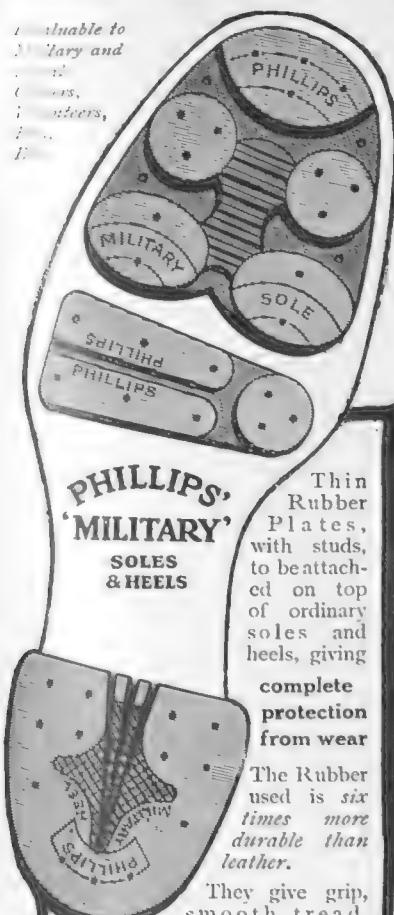
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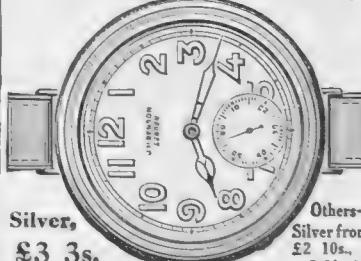
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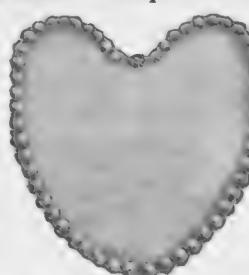
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE GREASE-CUP GRIEVANCE : TARRING TROUBLES : MOTORISTS AND TAXES.

**The Motorist's
Bête Noire.**

When will the average designer or manufacturer of cars appreciate the fact that the grease-cup is still, as it always has been, the *bête noire* of the amateur owner? In certain other ways makers have come to realise that car-repairing is not the same thing on the road, or even in a motor-house, as it is in a big factory with an army of mechanics and all manner of special tools at hand; from time to time, however, various improvements of detail have been introduced, principally in the way of increased accessibility, which make the lot of the purchaser of a modern car very much brighter than that of his predecessor of a decade or more ago. In this matter of grease-cups, however, no improvement whatsoever—subject, perhaps, to an individual exception here and there—has been effected; in my own case, indeed, I can report with sorrow an actual retrogression. Eleven years ago I had a car which was much in advance of its time, and one feature which pleased me more than any other was the fact that there was only one grease-cup in the whole chassis; I had simply, therefore, to go round the car with an oil-can, and, of course, it was very little trouble to oil, say, a dozen bearings than six. Now I own a car of the same make, very much better, of course, in the light of modern developments, in numerous ways; but in respect of grease-cups the designers have lapsed from grace, and the car has just as many as any other. In accordance with a villainous practice, there is not one of them that might not just as well be two or three times as big, and so reduce the number of occasions on which replenishment is necessary; while in nearly every case the lubrication could be effected more simply and more efficiently by oil.

**A Frivolous
Complaint.**

In one of the motoring weeklies a correspondent petulantly inquires why the roads are being tarred during the holiday season. The answer, to my mind, is obvious. Until the holiday season had well set in there had been weeks of more or less rainy weather, and to make a dry satisfactory job of tarring it is certainly advisable to choose a dry

to say that I found the change unpleasant to a degree. One had come to regard dust as a thing of the past—upon main roads at all events; but of late I have perforce swallowed more of it than for several years past. Particularly surprising was it to find so many untarred roads in Hampshire, a county which in excellence of road



TAKING SOME SHARP TURNS: A MOTOR-CYCLIST IN THE SERPENTINE FAST RACE AT A RECENT SERVICE MEETING AT BROOKLANDS.

Photograph by Sport and General.

management has usually been well to the fore. It is impossible to believe that county surveyors in any quarter are still ignorant of the advantages of proper surface-treatment, and it can only be assumed that the tar has been withheld this year from motives of false economy. For false economy it is in every way to attempt to save money on the roads, inasmuch as the more they are neglected the more expensive their ultimate repair becomes. Tar-treatment, moreover, is in itself an economy, as it consolidates the road-crust and makes it more durable accordingly. The appalling amount of dust to be encountered in the neighbourhood of military camps is, of course, only to be expected; but the extent to which the roads generally recall the time before modern methods were discovered is as surprising as it is unsatisfactory.

What Motorists Pay. In this connection it may be pointed out that even if the creation of dustless roads for the benefit of all and sundry, involved additional expense, the fact remains that one section of the community alone contributes more than a million and a half sterling in direct taxation towards that object. The annual report of the Road Board for 1915 shows that that body received no less a sum from motor-car licences and petrol dues than £1,620,974, and that these figures represented an increase of £139,576 upon last year. This colossal sum is all the result of special charges, and takes no account of the fact that motorists also pay their rates and taxes in the ordinary way. If road-tarring were carried out for their exclusive benefit, motorists would still have a claim to consideration by reason of the heavy annual licences and petrol dues; but, as a matter of fact, a dustless highway is a boon to everybody who uses it, and to no one more than to the common tramp.



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period. A much more valid complaint could be raised as to the question of not tarring at all. During the last three weeks I have travelled over several hundred miles of roads which were innocent of a vestige of tar, and, being accustomed for the greater part of the year to drive over the dustless roads of Surrey and Kent, I am bound



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THINGS NEW AT THE THEATRES.

"THE WARE CASE" at Wyndham's appears to have all the promise of a big success. It is an ingeniously constructed murder story with an excellent trial scene in which the audience is kept in a baffling uncertainty as to whether the prisoner was guilty of the crime; and though there can now be few who do not know that Mr. Gerald du Maurier really did it, that will probably not interfere with the enjoyment of the play. It is, too, not only a cleverly told story, but it affords to Mr. du Maurier opportunities for some brilliant acting. He has shown before how wonderfully powerful he can be; but he has probably never done anything finer than the great scene in the last act in which, coming home acquitted, he confesses to his wife and poisons himself. Miss Marie Löhr, too, plays admirably as a much-wronged wife; and the trial scene is cleverly conducted; particularly notable performances being given by Mr. Arthur Hatherton, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Dawson Milward, and Mr. Sydney Valentine. Altogether, it is as good a play of its exciting kind as has been seen for a very long time.

At the Duke of York's Theatre, Miss Horniman's company began a season last week with Stanley Houghton's brilliant comedy, "Hindle Wakes," and it is to be hoped that in these days of revues there are still a large enough number of playgoers to bring success to deserving revivals like this. Several members of the company will be recognised and welcomed in their old parts; notably Miss Muriel Pratt as the Lancashire mill-girl whose views on morals were not conventional, and Mr. Herbert Lomas as old Nathaniel Jeffcott. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn played Tim Farrar admirably; and others



PRESENTED TO THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR OF MUSIC
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OF CAPTAIN J. MACKENZIE ROGAN, M.V.O.

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in an excellent cast who should be mentioned were Miss Louise Holbrook and Mr. A. E. George.

Among the curious experiments which are becoming common in the theatres, the playing at the Garrick of one of those revues of the kind that Mme. Rasimi used to produce at the New Middlesex will take a prominent place. As an essay in wit or humour, "Y'a d'Jolies Femmes" is not striking. It touches lightly and rapidly on things connected with the war, and is mildly satirical and moderately funny on many questions of present interest; but it does not suggest that we cannot do revue as well ourselves, except in so far as it is more connected and less of a collection of music-hall turns. There is some excellent singing, particularly by Mlle. de Landy and Mlle. Raymond, and some delightful dancing by Mlle. Delmarès, and MM. Marichal and Libeau are two merry fellows; but it is probably as an exhibition of remarkable frocks that it will prove most attractive.

"When London Sleeps" is everything which is expected by those who revel in the excitements and the villainies and the virtue which the Princes Theatre is accustomed to exhibit. It is apparently not new, being announced as something already well known; and that very energetic humourist Mr. Andrew Emm is responsible for the production, and plays a prominent part in the story of a gallant circus athlete who loved a virtuous heiress and had much villainy to contend against on the part of an envious and fortune-hunting relative of the lady. A strong company of Princes and Lyceum favourites made the most of the vigorous drama, prominent among them being Mr. Henry Lonsdale, Mr. Arthur Poole, an exceptionally well-dressed, ill-intentioned fellow, Miss Rose Ralph, and Miss Lilian Hallows.

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